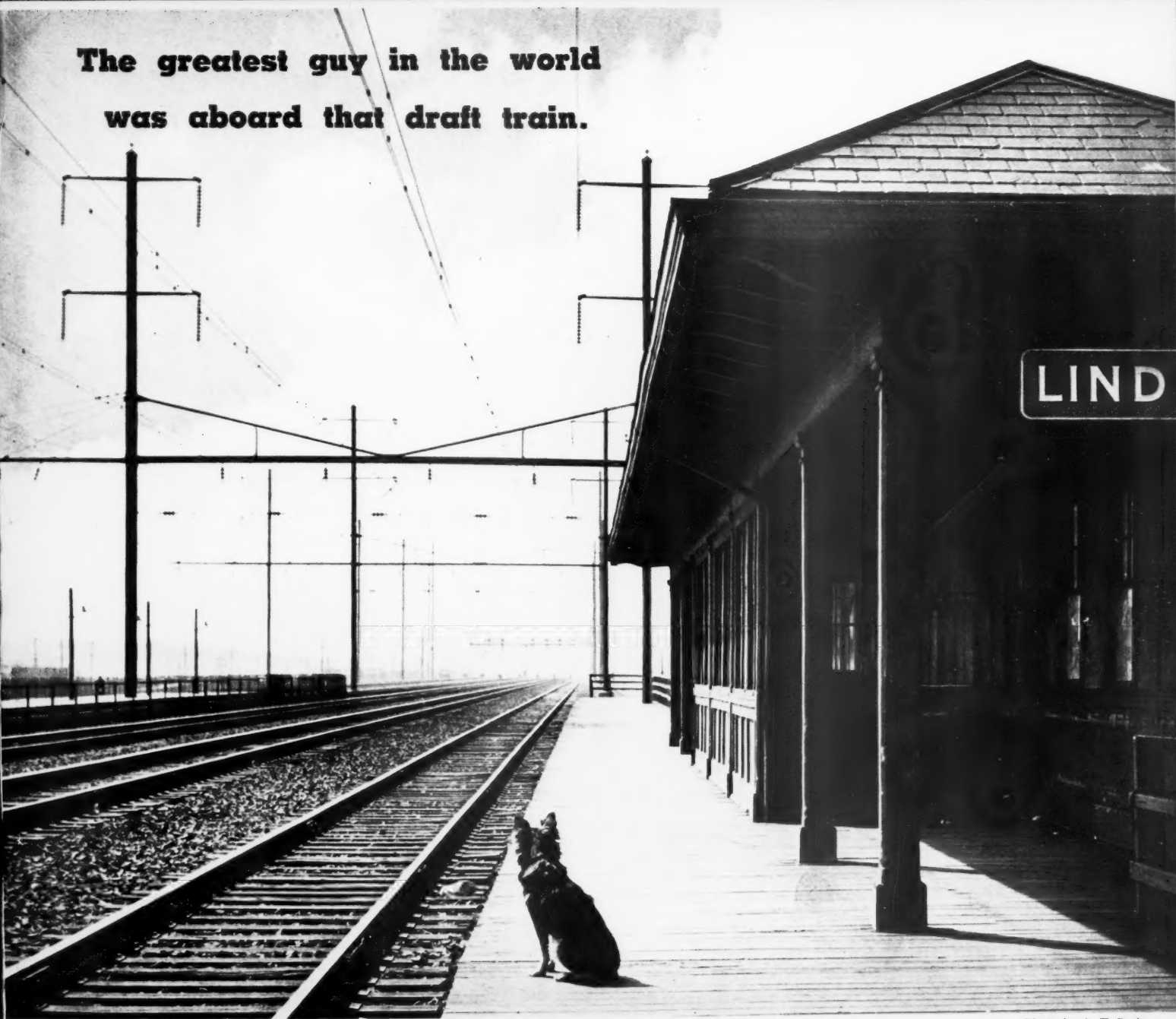


Animals

OUR DUMB

**The greatest guy in the world
was aboard that draft train.**

LIND



—Photo by A. F. Sozio



Editor—WILLIAM A. SWALLOW

Asst. Editor—KATHARINE H. PIPER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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The Animals He Left Behind

AS it must to nearly all young men these days, the young man next door to our house received his "Greetings" from the Government and soon departed for a training camp to learn to be a soldier. His mother and father can at least hope and pray that he will return safely, but his small dog appears to be quite lost since the young man left for the Army.

She waits patiently each night by the kitchen door for the familiar steps that somehow never come, and we know she misses the happy romp and play she came to expect each evening when he returned home. She spends much time in his bedroom — looking at his bed — sleeping in his chair — or consoling herself with one of his old slippers which she treasures; and when his name is mentioned, she practically flies through the rooms to the door in the hope he has returned!

With the cat, it is a little different. She is the kind of cat who seldom meows, and we firmly believe that she loves only the young man — no one else. For him she would practically "sing" and rub herself against his legs and prance like a ballerina. The rest of the household, she just ignores.

Some day there will be peace in the world, and the young men of our nation will come marching home — home to loving parents — home to devoted animal friends who never could understand why they left in the first place — and then, the family hearth will glow again with reflected contentment and happiness from humans and animals alike.

E. H. H.

"Water, Water, Everywhere"

By S. V. O. Somanader

SITUATED to the south of my town, Batticaloa, in Ceylon, and right opposite the lagoon which flows past my house, is an islet called the "Buffalo Island," about ten miles in circumference. Parts of it are still covered with mangrove bushes and scrub-jungle from which I can often hear the jackals howling in content late at night after a meal. But a good portion of this island, where large numbers of buffaloes are taken for threshing only during harvest time, is covered with extensive tracts of rice-land where the peasant farmers sojourn for some months until their harvest operations are over.

Every year, after the removal of the rice crop in April or May, hundreds of cattle are transported in large boats, or forded across the shallower parts of the lagoon, by rural cattle-boys from the mainland to the island and left to feed on whatever scanty pasture there is until October, when the next sowing season will start after the north-east monsoon rains.

During the three or four months' period of drought, rendered more dry by the hot land wind, locally called the "Kachchan" which withers everything, watering the grazing cattle becomes a real problem. Not a drop of water is to be found in the only well and the seven artificially formed depressions on

this islet are surrounded by the salty lagoon. And so it is actually a case of:

*"Water, water, everywhere;
Nor any drop to drink."*

As a result, the animals are in danger of dying from thirst. But the cattle-boys, just a few of them, who form the population during this dry season, rise to the occasion. This is how they solve the difficulty. Crossing over to the mainland every morning in large outrigger boats, hollowed out of tree trunks, they fill these canoes almost to the brim with water drawn from the wells there. Then they return to the Island, despite the blazing heat of the forenoon, to appease the thirst of the waiting stock.

It is, indeed, a kind act, rendered more touching when one sees the impatient beasts wading through the shallows in relays, to drink greedily of the fresh water in the boats.

Thereafter, the contented animals settle down for a while under the shade of the *Thespesia* trees which line the lagoon-border. In the meantime, sweating and tired, the cattle-youths, who have done this good turn, go for their well-deserved lunch of rice and curry. And then the cattle get back to the pasture lands to continue their feeding until dusk tells them it is time to retire for the day.



Some of the impatient beasts, after wading through the shallows, are drinking the water off the boats. Note, on the boat, the earthen pots with which the cattle-boys fill their dug-out canoes.

Our Cover

WE have been requested a number of times to reprint the cover picture we are using this month and now seems an appropriate time to comply. When we used it back in 1943, we, and undoubtedly the whole world, had no thought that such a situation would arise again in our lifetime.

But the need is once more upon us and we can only hope that as many masters as possible will return to their faithful dogs after finishing an unpleasant but necessary task.

Cat Who Likes Birds

By Edith Cornish Ayling

THIS may sound more like a "fish story" than the story of a cat, but I assure you it is absolutely true!

I no longer have a dining room. It has been made over into an aviary for our sixteen birds — five love birds, two canaries, six Java rice birds and three weaver birds from India.

My tabby cat has accepted this bird family and knows they are "taboo" for her and she never bothers them in the least. The other day one of the tiny weaver birds flew from its cage into the conservatory where it was nearly impossible to retrieve it. I tried for over an hour to get him, while my kitty watched from the side lines. Finally I turned to her and said, "You get the bird — and don't hurt him." In about five minutes she had him in her mouth, entirely unhurt. I took the bird but fearing that I would hurt it, I didn't hold it tightly enough and it escaped again into the conservatory.

So once again I was faced with a problem and once again I said to my kitty, "You get the bird again and bring him upstairs to me and *don't hurt him*." Very soon I heard her coming up the stairs. She plainly said to me in her own language, "Well, here's the bird you wanted me to get. Now don't let it get away again."

I took the bird from her and examined it carefully without finding a single sign of injury or hurt. This time I succeeded in returning the bird to its cage.

Our cat is a very singular being. She not only accepts our own birds but never attempts to molest the wild birds outside the house.

Famous Gliders

By Jewell Casey

A flying squirrel takes off.

TO be sure many birds and insects are adept at gliding, but this article deals with famous gliders in another part of "animaland." You might not believe it, but there are animals, reptiles, amphibians and fish that "fly" through the air with the greatest of ease.

First is the flying squirrel, a specialized member of the family, and the only native quadruped in North America (not to be confused with the bat which actually flies) that is equipped with so-called gliding membrane. This little animal has a hair-covered fold of skin along each side of the body, attached to both wrist and ankle, that is used in parachute-fashion.

When about to glide, the squirrel spreads its "wings" and with flat, wide tail acting as a rudder, gives a mighty leap from the top of a tree and gracefully glides away, sometimes to a distance of several yards. The squirrel can only glide downward, so the usual mode of travel is sailing from the higher branches of one tree to the lower ones of another, then running upward and taking off again. By this unique method, the flying squirrel is capable of covering considerable distance in a very short time.

Not only is the flying squirrel one of the most beautiful and graceful of its kind, but it is by far the most gentle. Its large eyes, like those of the owl, are better suited to darkness, so the little animal usually avoids the light of day by sleeping.

The flying lemur, a native of Malay, and a relative of the flying squirrel, has long brown fur splotched with whitish-yellow. This little animal hangs, somewhat in the manner of the sloth, from tree branches, but is not at all sloth-like in its movements. If upon the ground and startled, the lemur races quickly

up the tree and unfolding the flaps of skin extending from jaw to tail-tip, he flings himself from the tree and glides away a considerable distance.

Another oddity peculiar to the lemur is its teeth, which look more like a little comb. In addition to using the comb-teeth to supply his favorite food of tender leaves and buds, the "comb" is used for combing the lemur's fine, soft fur, which is kept wonderfully clean.

The flying dragon of Java is another noted glider. This is a pretty little lizard and absolutely harmless. Its "wings" consist of strangely developed ribs with connecting folds of loose skin, spread somewhat like fans, thus enabling the lizard to glide distances of several yards. The flying dragon when seen in repose is a drab brown and gray, blending in with lights and shadows of plants, but when gliding, the fan-like flaps are in gorgeous colors of reds, oranges, blues and black, and might easily be mistaken for butterflies.

There are more than forty species of flying frogs. In this instance, the power

of flight is accomplished on a different principle from that used by the squirrel, lemur and lizard. The toes of the frog on all four feet are unusually long, and the feet are webbed like those of water birds. The aerial floats enable their owners to make long flying jumps among tree branches where most of their time is spent.

Flying fish, another group of famous gliders, are capable of soaring through the air four hundred yards or more. Some authorities contend that the fish glides like a motorless plane, while others declare the pectoral fins are developed in such a remarkable manner they resemble wings and when the fish rises from the water the tail is worked vigorously and the wing-like pectoral vibrates rapidly, and once clear of the water the fish sails away with the movement of the fins.

When a fish starts to lose altitude and reaches the surface of the water it will generally lash out with a swish of the tail, sail off again, without permitting the body to sink in the water.



They Loved Their Horses

By Vincent Edwards

EPITAPHS honoring the memory of horses are probably rarer and not so well known as those placed over the graves of dogs. Of the latter, probably the most celebrated, is the tribute which the poet Byron composed and had put over the last resting-place of his dog "Boatswain." It has been printed times without number.

However, this does not mean that horses have gone ignored altogether when they have died. The most conspicuous in honoring their memory have been the cowboys of the West. Their devotion to some faithful steed is proven by some epitaphs of a quaint and appealing simplicity. To these riders of the range, a horse has often served as a partner and the most faithful of all friends.

This seems evidenced by a terse inscription like the following:

**"JIM
a reel hors
Oct 1, 82"**

Could any tribute have been more genuine in so concise a form? But the owner of another "reel hors" was no less moved when he had to bid his good pony farewell:

**"Here LIES 'I'M HERE'
The very best of cow ponies
A Gallant Little Gentleman
Died on this Spot, Sept 3, 1870"**

A third cowboy who felt his loss very deeply placed this eloquent inscription over his horse:

**"HERE LIES 'WHAT NEXT'
Born—1886, at—
Died July 16, 1892 near Ft. Washakie, Wyo.
He had the Body of a Horse
The Spirit of a Knight
and
The Devotion of the Man
Who Erected This Stone."**

Only tributes like these can sound the depth of affection that existed between men and their faithful mounts. Take away a horse from the cowboy and the West's most heroic saga would fade into thin air!

Don't Take My Bone

By Vincent J. Argondezzi

RECENTLY in England, an Edinburg appeal court ruled a dog was within his rights when he bit a girl because she had taken his bone.

In a similar decision a California judge, His honor, Sylvain J. Lazarus in 1929, ruled that a dog is entitled to resist any attempt to take away his bone which to him is his most valued possession just as humans are entitled to resist any attempt by anyone to take away any of their property.

In handing down his decision, judge Lazarus established what amounted to a canine bill of rights. He considered the case from a canine's viewpoint thus establishing legally what all dog lovers always knew that dogs are sensitive, that they are subject to moods, that they know joy and sadness and pride and humility.

Educated Dogs

By Madge Acton Mansfield

SOME writer has said that dogs are more spiritual than are people. Those who know them best will agree that, in a sense, they are.

For instance, if I coughed, "Snow," my beautiful Irish setter paid no least attention, but let me choke and he became almost hysterical with fright and rushed to help me.

He knew my touch on the piano, apart from that of anyone else and gave small notice to other people's playing. Should I sound a note, however, he immediately bounded from even a distant room, to lie at my feet until I finished. I had the feeling that he thought the piano an actual part of me, alive to my touch.

Suddenly ill once and frightened at this "un-understandable" awfulness, nevertheless, when he heard me coming, he raised his doggie head, almost happily, to me and pounded against the floor with his tail — an appreciation of the one person who would help him, always.

As a puppy, the nighttime with its glancing shadows were new, strange and, in a sense, frightening. During occasional walks, he trotted back to me, for explanation. I told him they were all right. When I scolded him one day for attempting to run away, he came quickly back, stood on his hind legs, and pressed his fore paws convulsively on my shoulders.

One of his admirers was pleased to say, "Snow is not only a beautiful dog, he is an educated dog."

I believe if you love them and accord them the response their sensitive souls inspire, they are "educated dogs."



FIRST DOGS EVER TO SCALE
13,766-FOOT GRAND TETON
PEAK WERE SHORTY AND
THUMPER, LABRADOR
RETRIEVERS OWNED
BY JOHN MORGAN, JACKSON
HOLE, WYO.



IN ENGLAND THE DACHSHUND
IS SOMETIMES SPOKEN OF AS THE
"DOG WITH THE QUEEN ANNE LEGS"



© 1951, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

THE man from whom we bought the farm didn't say in so many words that he expected us to buy "Susie," a nice, fat little Berkshire pig, but he certainly gave that impression.

"I raised her on a bottle," he said mournfully, "and somehow I just can't bring myself to sell her off the ranch. . . ."

"All right," Jack said, eager to consummate a deal, "we'll take her."

"Susie is your responsibility," I reminded him when the papers were signed. "What with directing carpenters and painters, I won't have time to bother with a pig." And bother with her I didn't, except to open her gate so she could roam at will.

One day I looked out to see her trotting at "Mr. Blue's" heels as he made his daily inspection of the premises.

"Mr. Blue likes Susie," I called to Jack, who was helping a carpenter rip out a window. "He won't let 'Buddy' within ten feet of her."

By the end of the week, dog and pig were inseparable. Susie's idea of having fun was to flatten herself against Mr. Blue's side, her nose on a line with his tail, and then go round and round until she toppled over with exhaustion.

Allowed to root in what had been the garden spot and under the walnut trees, Susie grew like mustard in the spring. In a matter of weeks, she was inches taller than Mr. Blue, and with her added pounds, she lost much of her playfulness. Her interest now lay in searching for food and turning up the earth generally.

Her quest for succulent roots fascinated Mr. Blue, who would stand by and watch with curious eyes. Then, when she'd find some choice morsel, he'd pitch in and dig in an effort to uncover something for himself.

With fall, the walnuts began dropping from the trees, and by merely bending her neck, Susie could gorge herself to her heart's content.

No one told us that too many nuts would make a pig sick; in fact, we were under the impression they were good for her. But one morning, when I went out to feed, I found her sitting on her haunches and looking ready to die.

The veterinary, whom I called, didn't have much hope for her, either.

All that day, Mr. Blue stayed close to the pen. He'd leap inside, look Susie over, prod her with his nose.

That evening, Susie was better, but far from being her lively self. "Another shot will do the trick," the veterinary said. "I think she'll be all right tomorrow."

Usually, Mr. Blue sleeps in the house, but that night he was restless, wanting out, then scratching to get in. At midnight we put him out for the rest of the night.

Around two o'clock, he began scratching on the door again. For a while, we lay there, gritting our teeth. Then I got up and opened the door. But Mr. Blue refused to come in; he just stood there looking at me with his big, round eyes. I turned to go back to bed and he began howling.

Mr. Blue howls so seldom, that I knew something outside was wrong.

"We'd better have a look at Susie," I told Jack. "Blue won't come in and he's making such a racket. . . ."

A few seconds later, we found Susie with head thrown back, gasping for breath.

"Pneumonia!" I pronounced and ran for the 'phone.

The doctor came and we made a bed for Susie, wrapped her in blankets and put jugs of hot water at her back.

Mr. Blue refused to come to the house and the next morning there was no sign of him in the pig pen.

"Mr. Blue" and "Susie Pig"

by Ina Louez Morris



—Photo by D. C. Ricardo

Mr. Blue brings a present to Susie.

"I wonder . . ." I began, and Jack, anticipating me said, "Probably off on his morning's run."

At the sound of our voices, Susie raised her head and shook off some of her bedding.

"She's better!" I exclaimed happily. And then we heard a queer sound coming from under the blankets at Susie's back . . . a sound that was a cross between a snore and a yawn. Whipping off the blankets, we discovered the sound to be coming from Mr. Blue, who was yawning and stretching.

Looking a little sheepish, he got up, shook himself and trotted off.

Half way to the house, Buddy met him and they stopped to touch noses.

"What do you suppose they are saying?" I asked, watching Buddy circle the other dog, sniffing at him distastefully.

"Oh," Jack said, with a twisted grin, "Blue's probably telling that old one about a sick friend. . . ."

I eyed him suspiciously. "In his case it would be the truth," I said, and gathering my robe about me, marched to the house.

Their Phone Rings Twice

By Helen L. Renshaw

WHEN does a dog become more than a pet? When does he become a very necessary member of the household? When can he change the decisions of a large company?

Let me tell you about a Collie dog owned by a family in Portland, Oregon. Quite recently the Telephone Company, in order to solve a technical problem, advised this family of a plan to change the exchange system on their phone from two rings to one. Now you might suppose that any ordinary family would welcome such a change. Who wants a phone to jangle twice when once will serve the purpose? Well, this family did. Immediately they made violent protest to the telephone company. And this is what the astonished company learned.

"Our Collie won't answer a single ring," cried the family.

"Well! And who ever expects a Collie to answer a phone anyway?" asked the indignant company.

"We do!" exclaimed this family.

And it was true. You see, this remarkable Collie dog has been trained to notify a hard-of-hearing member of the family whenever the phone rings twice. He does this by barking until someone silences the phone.

"He won't pay any attention to one ring," mourned these people who were insisting on two rings.

"Mercy me!" sighed the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. "What's the good of a phone that goes unanswered?"

Decision? Two rings for the Collie—the dog won't have it any other way.

That Dog of Mine

By Harry Harrison

*I've seen devotion at its best
In humans and in all the rest.
I've seen the joy of love abound
In living things the world around.
I've seen real sympathy in loving eyes
When sickness came or when one dies.
Of friends their words of cheer express
And for these gifts the Lord does bless.
But ere I start another line
I'll tell you of that dog of mine.
I cannot tell you of his breed
It's mixed, but in his eyes I read
All things encribed in lines above
Devotion, sympathy and love.
Such faithfulness none can deny
So much, for me he'd gladly die.
He is my pal and he is fine
We're happy, me and that dog of mine.*

Young Apprentice

By Catharine T. Manning

FOR two years we debated whether to get a puppy to help "Coppie," our eleven-year-old Irish Terrier, with her household chores. It had become increasingly difficult for her to pick up objects from the floor since the vet had extracted several upper front teeth. Her smile was as happy as ever and her growling just as effective . . . a new postman remarked that Coppie seemed unaware that half her biting power was missing . . . but dogs can be actually jealous and any leisure she might get would be no reward for hurt feelings.

Late in July we did buy a seven-week-old Cocker Spaniel, also female, and as usual the unexpected happened. There was only a slight emotional adjustment for the first week. But a month later Coppie lost her hearing. She grew deaf as a post literally.

"Ginger" and Coppie had been getting along so well that we were becoming complacent about the success of the experiment. When we first noticed that Coppie was having trouble with her hearing, we examined her ears carefully, cleaned her teeth to make sure there were no more infected ones in her mouth, and were just about to take her to a vet for a check-up. In the meantime we took to walking her on a leash since she would step out in front of a car, run down the middle of the road oblivious to the car's horn, and several times cars had come to a complete stop to avoid hitting her. She was equally deaf in the house, never coming when she was called or obeying any order. The puzzling part about it was that it came on so suddenly and so severely.

My husband had been letting both dogs out loose for the six o'clock morning walk, and had kept telling me to get up and watch how Coppie played nurse-maid to Ginger. Nobody believed him when he told the story. Ginger would amble down the cement walk and stop to chew twigs industriously at the hedge. Coppie would return to find her and off they would start a second time. Coppie continued but Ginger would reach the curbing, run along it to the next drive-way, and sit down rather than attempt to negotiate such a steep drop. Coppie would come back, nudge her off the curb, and set off a third time.

She wouldn't take Ginger far, about four houses down the street, and then bring her back to the house, wait until she was let in and go off by herself.

One morning I did watch and as the dogs came back to the house there was something about Coppie's expression that gave away the secret of her deafness. Ginger was coming down the road tripping over her own furry feet, not because the pace was too fast for her short legs but because her head was turned sideways to watch her teammate's face. They were running neck and neck at a slower than usual gait for Coppie who was doing all the steering.

Later that day I called Coppie to do a chore. She stared at me and never moved.

The rolled newspapers, used to house-break the puppy, were applied vigorously to Coppie's rump. Her hearing has been normal ever since.

Coppie still gives orders to Ginger who obeys them (tho' she is reaching the stage where she puts up an argument if she wants more than her half of an ice cream carton to lick), but Coppie also takes them again. She no longer holds up traffic, but she receives the praise from neighbors and friends with the same self-satisfied expression I had noticed on her face on that early morning walk. She loves her new role and basks happily in the realization that she is now the most important member of the household . . . in Ginger's eyes."



The help problem solved at last. Coppie with her new maid, Ginger, in our back-yard.



—Photo by Fred B. Augsburg

Someone's just offered Crawford a hamburger — and he's definitely interested.

CRAWFORD" doesn't like girls. That's probably why this little stray decided to join a fraternity when he first came to the University of Kentucky.

Crawford's college career all began one Saturday night in September, 1949, when he ran into a group of University students visiting in his home town, Nicholasville, Kentucky.

Homeless and with nothing better to do, he spent the evening with them. He proved such an enthusiastic "party" dog that the boys — members of Kappa Sigma fraternity — invited him to Lexington. It sounded like a good idea to Crawford, and he's never seemed to regret it.

He was dubbed Crawford that night because "he looked like his name ought to be Crawford." Although the Kappa Sigs still claim him, he's spent a little time at practically every fraternity house on the campus.

He'll follow one of the members home and if the food's good and the beds soft, he'll stay and get acquainted. He's quite independent and seems to feel perfectly certain of a welcome wherever he goes.

Today he knows more people on campus than the average student. Everywhere he goes he's greeted with a respectful, "Hi, Crawford" — and Crawford goes everywhere. Professors in the Commerce building, where he takes most of his classes, are never surprised to find him sitting in the front row when the bell rings. He spends the rest of his time in the Student Union Building grill where the students meet between classes.

An appealing dog with bright eyes partly hidden by shaggy hair, his breed is indeterminate — a little of everything. He's mostly white with a few black and brown spots. His temporary owners try to keep him that way much to Craw-

Crawford Goes to College

By Joan Lowell Cook

ford's disapproval. He doesn't care for baths.

Crawford generally leads a routine life of classes, the grill, and fraternity parties. He's had a few exciting times though, like the week-end he was kidnapped and taken across the state line into Tennessee.

Last year when Kentucky played the University of Tennessee in football, loyal Kentucky fans attached a sign to Crawford's collar that said, "Beat Tennessee." Somehow the word "beat" was torn off, and only the name of the state remained. A group of Tennessee students in Lexington for the game mistook Crawford for a Tennessee dog a long way from home.

They started back to Knoxville with him, but fortunately Crawford escaped in a little town just over the Tennessee line. A U. K. student there recognized him and wired the Kappa Sigs of his whereabouts. The worried Kappa Sigs immediately had their pal shipped home.

Recently, Crawford was honored by the University's newspaper as "Colonel of the Week" — a regular weekly feature recognizing outstanding students on campus. A resume of his achievements printed under his picture read, "Crawford is a member of Kappa Sigma and Alpha Sigma Phi fraternities and holds the office of mascot in both groups."

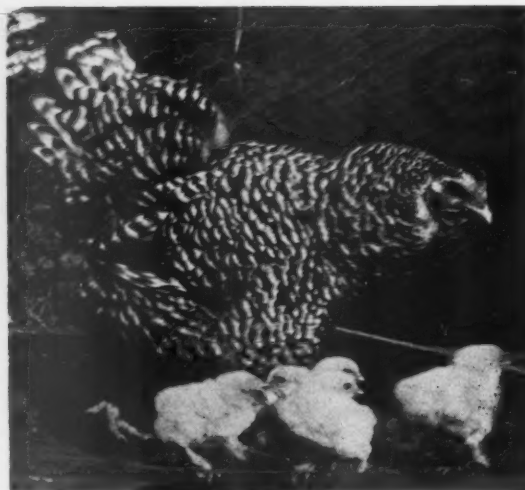
"Besides fraternity affiliations, he has served as a cheerleader on one or two occasions and participated in a Pershing Rifles (military organization) drill. He is also a member of the Student Union Building Canine Club."

"Crawford, a special student from Lexington, has an over-all 'A' standing and is working toward a Master of Human Relations degree."

Mother's Day in



Photo by Ralph Pierson
Maybe not mothers exactly, but guardians, at least.



"Biddy"
shepherds
her brood.

Photo by
Mrs. Joseph Watson



*Mother Koala
takes her
baby pickaback.*

Photo by Kilroy Harris



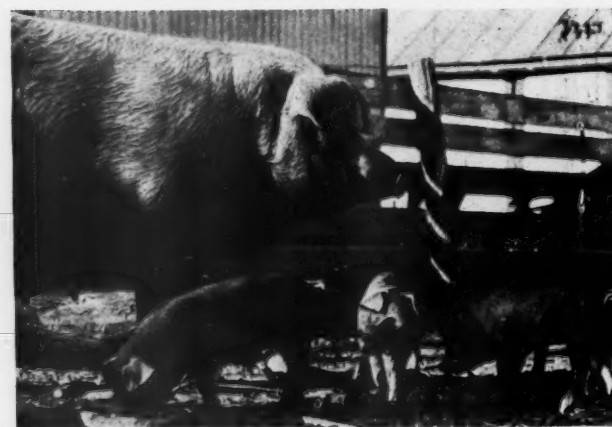
Photo by W. F. Sanford

Just one hour old.



*"Let me
tell you
a secret!"*

Photo by
Murielle E. Schwantes



Admiring her lan

in "Animaland"

**Four
young
hitchhikers.**

Photo by
Bill Sharpe



Photo by Lynwood M. Chace

Baby carriages are out in raccoon land.



Photo by H. H. Sheldon

Swan family goes traveling.

**Quacker family
takes a
stroll.**

Photo by Mrs. H. Nestler



...ing her large family.

Photo by Lloyd G. Miller

**Sh-h-h!
Sh-h-h!
It's sleepy-time!**

Photo by
Earl J. Stephenson



New Models

By Mrs. Roy Fleeman

A balky mule has four-wheel brakes,
A billy goat has bumpers,
The firefly is a bright spotlight,
Rabbits are puddle jumpers.
Camels have balloon-tired feet,
And carry spares of what they eat;
But still I think that nothing beats
The kangaroos with rumble seats.

Black and White

By Georgia Moore Eberling

Of all the cows that roam the plain
I like the black and white the best,
They eat in sunshine and in rain,
They nibble at the headed grain,
Then after they have had a rest
They do it over once again.

Robins in the Rain

By Valla Willis Rowe

A sudden rain
Beat briskly on the lawn and street
A sudden rain.
The robins chirped a glad refrain
And ran about on happy feet —
They showed me how to sing and greet
A sudden rain.

Query

By Stella Brandes

How can a tiny kitten
Be so composite a thing
As buffoon; judge; companion;
Mendicant and king?

My Pet

By Isabelle Ashton

Soft paws,
Snubby nose,
Sharp claws,
Curly toes.

Silky fur,
Whiskers fine,
A great big purr,
A little whine.

Soft and sleek,
Round and fat,
All of that
Is my little cat.

Animal Lines

Little Yellow Dog

By N. Lawson Lewis

I am a little yellow dog.

Somehow I feel I'm not to blame,
Because I'm neither black nor white
Or any color free from shame.

The other day I passed a house
And saw a lot of smoke and flame,
I rushed up on the porch and barked
And barked and barked till someone came.

So everyone got safely out
And they began to pet and praise,
When suddenly I heard a moan
Somewhere within the smoky haze.

I dashed back in and searched around
And found him choking in the fog,
I dragged him out and saved his life —
He was a little yellow dog.

Strange Dromedary

By Ray Romine

This creature is the dromedary,
A kind of swaying dry-land ferry;
That single hump upon his back
Has laid him wide for quip and crack.
He does not choose to crack or quip,
But chews instead upon his lip.
Zoologically no bloomin' ant,
He is a rheumy ruminant.
I think it's cute the way he rates
On dates. . .

New Friend

By Vincent J. Argondezzi

He came into my yard one day,
A little wayward dog,
He licked my hand and I could see;
He wanted so to stay.

I fondled him and let him know,
This was his journey's end.
He wagged his tail and that was it,
We each had made a friend.

Poor Refugee

By May Allread Baker

Although she wore a velvet gown
Of black, touched up with white,
She came a-begging to our door
One stormy, winter night.

We let her in; she purred her thanks;
We gave her milk and meat.
Then, having dined, she sought and found
A cozy fireside seat.

And curled herself up for a nap
Without a bit of fuss.
We didn't want another cat —
But she adopted us.

Tiny Lost Dog

By Edna L. S. Barker

I saw him running through traffic, this morning,
Frightened and tiny and all alone,
Drifting grey, like a cluster of tumbleweed
Blown by the wind . . . the color of stone.

Darting through traffic, shying from humans,
Grey as a stone on a rain-battered hill . . .
Did YOU take him home to a warm, quiet
corner?

Is he happy and safe, now? Or tumbleweed
still?

Remembered

By Lalla Mitchell Thornton

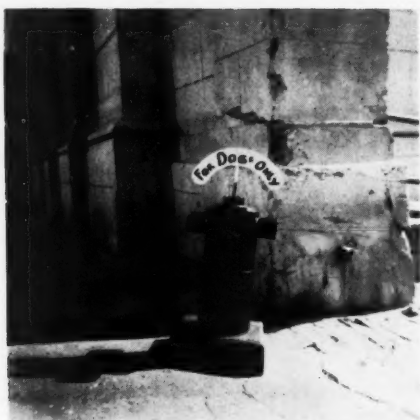
I have a cherished graveyard in my mind,
By weeds of Time it is not overgrown;
And in it, looking back, I always find
The many loving pets that I have known.
By accident or illness, turned aside
From sharing forest hikes and clovered ways
Yet sepulchered, they will forever bide;
The merry comrades of my boyhood days.

To My Dog

By Norman Rockville

Let poets coin all love's refrain,
Or phrase old Nature's praise;
Far be from me to rack my brain
To emulate their ways.
A truer subject I see blend,
Notes for my humble song —
To you, my dog, my spaniel friend,
To you these rhymes belong.

Man's greatest friend! The many hours
You have lain at my chair!
Your vigil hours bore the powers
To knit our friendship there.
Some say that love is just a sound
And friendship but a name;
But you, my dog, I've always found
The height of friendship's fame.



Dogs Can't Read

DOGS can't read, but their owners can, was the thought in a San Francisco restaurant owner's mind when he invented a man-made post for neighborhood dogs.

This owner recently took over a restaurant in an apartment house district where a lot of people had dogs.

He bought expensive evergreen trees and placed them at his door-entrance. To his dismay, he found that pet owners let their dogs use his shrubs for accommodation posts.

Acting on the power of suggestion he took two tall coffee cans and attached four small fruit juice cans and then painted the post bright red. He set it near the curb and hung a sign on it reading, "For Dogs Only."

The dog owners took the hint and had fun to boot as everybody found the sign amusing. — L. Archuleta

"The Least of These"

THIS happened in London, where the Bobbies, as we all know, are noted particularly for being helpful and above all for their kindness to animals.

In this instance, it seems that a little mouse picked its way along the curb at busy Fenchurch street. He stopped at the feet of a policeman and seemed to look up at him as if appealing for help.

Well, you can imagine just what happened. The Bobbie halted the stream of cars and escorted the mouse to the other side of the street. The mouse went on about his business and the flow of traffic resumed.

Sounds incredible? Yes, but strange things do happen, you know.

Dangerous for Pets

THE U. S. Department of the Interior has recently issued a bulletin of interest to every pet owner. It states that "Warfarin" — recently developed rat poison — should be exposed with caution because of the possible danger of accidental poisoning.

Dorr D. Green, Chief of the Fish and Wildlife Service's Branch of Predator and Rodent Control, stated that "Warfarin can be dangerous to any warm-blooded animal. Although no cases of human illness have been reported to date, we have received a substantial number of reports indicating that *pets*, particularly *house cats*, have been made ill or have died from the effects of this chemical."

He further states that there is reason to believe that some of these cases are the result of secondary poisoning, acquired when animals consume Warfarin-poisoned rats or mice daily over a period of several days. Accidents have also been reported as a result of domestic animals eating the poison in baits over a prolonged period of time.

To prevent these accidents, the Service, recommends that bait materials should be placed only in protected locations and all carcasses of dead rats and mice should be removed promptly. As an added precaution, pets should be excluded from the buildings under treatment.

Warfarin, according to Green, is proving to be one more useful tool for rodent control and in spite of these occasional indications of harmful effects, the Service has found that it is less dangerous than other commonly used rodent poisons, with the possible exception of red squill.

Mr. Green pointed out, however, that the use of Warfarin does not assure miraculous results in permanently eliminating rodent infestations. "Although this new poison is highly effective when properly used," he said, "there is no assurance that all rats and mice on the premises will find or consume sufficient quantities of bait containing Warfarin to cause death."

In conclusion, Mr. Green declared, "Warfarin can be used very effectively in the control of rats and mice but it would be unfortunate if adverse public reaction were to develop as the result of misunderstandings concerning its limitations. Small quantities of Warfarin must be consumed by the rodents each day for several days to cause death."

Melody's Midnight Melody

ARE you wiser than your dog? I thought I was until "Melody" taught me a lesson. Over a period of time I had taught her the usual things—to obey, to be clean, to sit up, to ask "Please," but when she decided to train me, she did it in one second flat. Of all times, she chose 3 a. m. for the lesson.

The house was still with the stillness of deep sleep when Melody wanted to go out. She asked "Please" politely as I had taught her, but with a mumbled protest I nestled deeper into the covers and ignored her. (After all, why should I be consistent with my own training program?) The silence of night closed round us once more, then I shot bolt upright as two clear treble notes sounded from the piano! Nobody may play the piano at 3 a. m. in an apartment. I snapped on lights and ran, and there on the piano bench stood my little dog, one snowy paw balanced on a key — and the tones she had played were more delicately musical than many I have heard from my own piano pupils.

I was trained. I let her out that instant.

Melody now touches the piano for anything she wants, and many people can testify to it for she knows it gets her attention and she "shows off" regularly for guests. She has improved her technique in this way, that if she does not get immediate action from a treble note, she will walk down the bench and strike a bass one, or, failing that, she will land with both feet in the middle of the key board, then leap around and face me expectantly.

— Martha L. Zecher



The author and Melody.

Meeting in Chicago

OUR Society's Livestock Loss Prevention Department Director was one of the principal speakers at the annual meeting of the National Livestock Loss Prevention Board, held recently.

At this meeting, the sixteenth since the organization's inception, the name of the old group was changed to "Livestock Conservation, Inc."

Dr. J. R. Pickard, the new General Manager of Livestock Conservation, Inc., was paid high tribute for the splendid manner in which he has stepped up the tempo of loss reduction work.

George Zeis, Director of Radio Education in Columbus, Ohio, arranged for a fifteen minute recording by your Director to be heard over Station WHKC in Columbus during the week.

Topics under discussion by the various speakers covered many phases of the livestock industry. The importance of better handling methods by truckers was emphasized; how to interest the general public by way of radio and television; the importance of agriculture extension work in the reduction of bruising and crippling; how the work we are doing can contribute to our national defense program, the farmers' stake in this important work; the care and feeding of livestock prior to shipment; a report on livestock diseases, parasites and sanitation and the railroad's responsibility.

Walter A. Netsch, Vice-President of Armour and Company (also Vice-President of Livestock Conservation, Inc.), gave a most interesting talk on his six months' of travel in Australia. From Mr. Netsch's report we gathered that the United States is far more progressive in



Walter A. Netsch, Vice-Pres. of Armour & Co.

its livestock transportation than our brothers "down under." However, in many phases of the work the Australians are ahead of us. The conference closed after a very fine summation by Mr. E. M. (Smokey) Woods.

Regional directors present were, Harry J. Boyts, Sioux City, Iowa, who has been very active with his educational work; Ray L. Cuff, Kansas City, Mo., one of the outstanding proponents for the control of cattle grubs which cause so much pain and injury to animals of the bovine type; W. A. Peck, South St. Paul, Minn., who has contacted many thousands of producers and truckers in his area with colored slides of bruised meats; Dr. W. T. Spencer, Omaha, Nebr., who each year works with some forty to sixty 4-H Clubs, and last year was responsible for seventeen clubs participating in livestock loss prevention demonstrations; and A. E. Detjen from Milwaukee, Wisc., whose ability as a craftsman has made it possible for the Board to exhibit outstanding props completely covering the subject of better handling practices concerning producing, trucking and slaughtering of farm animals.

I am certain that every delegate present left the meeting determined to do all possible to overcome what Dr. Francis H. Rowley so aptly called "The Great Cruelty."

The people of this nation consume 36,000 lbs. of meat a minute, and it is our fervent hope that the work we are attempting to do in the New England area will one day bring about a better understanding as to what constitutes humane livestock handling.

—John C. Macfarlane.



Entrance to South St. Paul, Mo., stockyards.

Society and

Court Case

A WOMAN complained to our Society that her dog came home wet and suffering, evidently from having scalding water thrown over him. The animal was treated for second-degree burns and confined to a hospital for two weeks. As the owner of the dog said she knew who had thrown the water, our agent had the man summoned into court.

The District Court found the defendant guilty and ordered him to pay a fine of \$100.00. This finding his attorney appealed.

In the Suffolk Superior Criminal Court the defendant's attorney changed the plea from "not guilty" to "guilty." After hearing the case, the Judge ordered the defendant to pay \$15.00, cost of the Hospital bill, to the owner of the dog, and fined him \$10.00.

Pets Deserted

ONE cold and rainy day, one of our officers, with the Chief of Police, visited a home where it had been reported that animals had been abandoned. No one was at home and in the roadway a dead dog was lying. Three other dogs, a puppy and a cat were outside the house. Neighbors claimed the owner had moved away a week before and left the animals to shift for themselves, with no food or shelter. A home was found for the cat and the puppy, and the Chief of Police took the dogs in charge.

The owner was located and our officer procured a warrant for him to appear in court. Due to his war record, the man was allowed to plead nolo. The Judge fined him \$25.00 and lectured him severely for his cruel neglect.

Remember the dates of Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday, May 6-12. Plan to make this a memorable Week through special programs in the schools, clubs, on the radio, by showing animal films, distributing special literature, and by articles of humane import in the local press.

Service News

Lesson on Animals

PICTURED below, giving a lesson on mammals to the fifth grades in Sharon, Massachusetts, is Miss Mildred F. Donnelly of the American Humane Education Society teaching staff. During the current school year, Miss Donnelly has presented a series of five lessons on animal life to fifty-five fifth-grade classes in eighteen towns of suburban Boston, reaching a total of approximately two thousand children.

Now in its second year, this program of intensive classroom work is accomplishing the goals of our Society in training young people to love, appreciate, and understand animals. Care of household pets is emphasized, but lessons to help the children realize the benefits we gain from our domestic barnyard animals and the wild life of the forest are also included.

Needless to say, the youngsters enjoy these lessons immensely. They are always enthusiastic upon the arrival of the "animal" teacher, and eagerly ask,

"What did you bring with you this time?" The visual aids usually consist of a live dog, hamster, turtle or snake; stuffed specimens of birds or wild mammals; mounted colored pictures, or films. By the end of an hour, the children not only have had an interesting time, but they have learned a great deal. The learning has been fun, and they are sorry to see the teacher hurry to another class, leaving no doubt in her mind as to the success of the program.



Miss Mildred F. Donnelly teaching a class at the Wilbur School in Sharon, Mass.



Anne Higgins, staff member of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital is trying to cheer the sad-looking, year-old bloodhound from Keene, New Hampshire, who was hospitalized for treatment of an eye ailment.

The Birds' Friend

PRESIDENT Hansen sent out an appeal to those interested in the welfare of our feathered friends to feed the birds during the cold and snowy months. Later, it was brought to his attention that Mr. John Muise of Gloucester purchased four or five loaves of bread daily and fed some 300 seagulls, pigeons, and other birds in the vicinity of the Atlantic Fisherman's Union rooms.

When commended for this act of kindness and asked to pose for a photograph, Mr. Muise refused. He did not wish publicity, but fed the birds through the kindness of his heart and because of his love for them.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two radio programs.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:15 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Little Richard Nunan is happily caring for his hens, down on the farm.

My Pet "Lucky"

By Roddy MacDonald

LUCKY" is ten years old. When he was just a little puppy, about three months old, I found him lying out front. I brought him in and gave him something to eat and put him in my old cradle. I watched the paper for about six months to see if anybody would claim him, but nobody did, so I kept him.

I named him "Lucky," because I thought I was lucky to find him. When he was a year old I taught him to sit up and beg and shake hands. I also taught him to play dead and carry his dinner home from the store.

Playful "Chip"

I HAVE a dog whose name is "Chip." He likes to play all the time. When I put my face to his, he bites my nose. When I run, he gets ahold of my leg, pulls, and I fall on my face. I like him very much.

— Bobby Bogart (Grade 6)

Three Wishes

By Sandra Bosin (Age 11)

*If I could have three wishes
I could tell you right away
The very things I would like
This very happy day.*

*The first would be to have a horse,
A palomino if I could.
I'd like to have a saddle and all —
That's just if I could.*

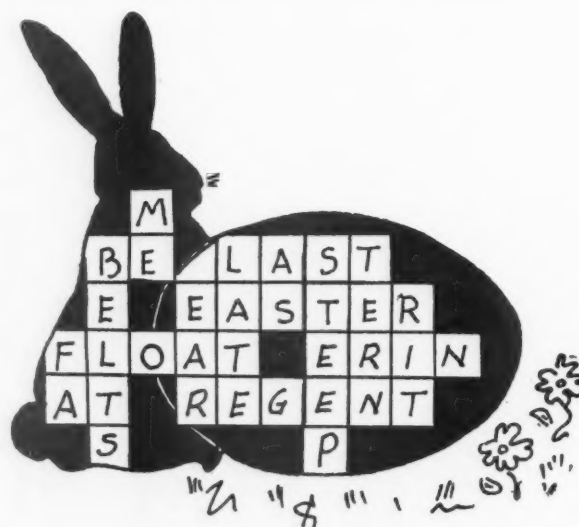
*The second I think would be a dog,
A collie if I could.
I'd like to have a pedigree and all,
That's just if I could.*

*The third would be to have a ranch
Down by the Rio Grande.
I'd like to have the barn and all —
That would be just grand.*

Likes the Magazine

OUR class likes the *Our Dumb Animals* books very much. I do too. I am glad you send these books because we learn many things about pets, and to be good to all animals because they cannot talk. They are mankind's most useful friends to us.

— Linda Reed



Answer to April Puzzle.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Stumbletoes"

Diary

By Estelle Delano Clifton

GOODNESS, but I had an awful time last night. I'm still in disgrace, I guess. Anyway, no one comes near me. But how did I know I shouldn't play with it?

It looked a lot like "Scuddlums," only it was a different color. I never saw anything like it before. Next time I'll be more careful.

This is what happened. My master let me out as he always does just before it was time to go to bed. I ran around the house fast, and there it was. I nuzzled it like I do Scuddlums, and then I thought I couldn't breathe for a minute. I don't know what happened, but anyway when I started to come in again, the folks all made a big racket and kept far away from me.

My master rushed out and at first even he kept away from me. He didn't say much, but he laughed, and then I felt very badly. I guess he knew it because he stopped laughing right away. He said I couldn't come in the house, but would have to go in the shed.

The next thing I knew I was in a tub of water, and my master was scrubbing me all over. As soon as ever I got a chance I jumped out and shook and shook. The water splashed all over my master and everything. He grabbed me and rolled me up in a towel. Then he rubbed me and rubbed me. I felt better after that.

He said I'd have to stay out in the shed that night. It was nice and warm out there, so I didn't mind. And besides he brought out a blanket for me to sleep on. Then he scratched my ears — the way he does — and said: "All right, boy, you'll be better in the morning. But the next time, be more careful."

I still don't see what the difference is between Scuddlums and that little black and white kitty. I stayed out most all day, and tonight my master said I smelled better. So I guess whatever was in my fur is out of it now.

This is such a funny world, but I like it.

May Day Puzzle

1. M — — — — —: a rat-like animal, but smaller.
2. A — — — — —: a reptile of the crocodile family.
3. Y — —: the bark of a small dog.
4. D — — —: This animal has long, branching antlers.
5. A — — — — —: This animal looks like a mountain goat.
6. Y — —: This ox-like animal is a native of Asia.

— Violet M. Roberts



"Lilly" Was a Lady

By Laverne Robertson

GOAT'S milk is wonderfully healthy. Of that we were convinced when "Lily," the goat, joined our family.

It was not until May that her babies arrived. If you have ever seen baby goats, you won't have to be told how adorable they are, for you will know that they are up on their feet, their eyes bright and their voices baaing shortly after birth. And if you have ever watched them search for milk, or picked them up, feeling the wild beating of their hearts, you will know just how I feel about them.

Determined not to allow Dad to milk her, "Lily" would kick with anger, but Dad persisted with her until she became accustomed to this twice daily event. Later on, to see the way Lily adored Dad, one would never guess there had ever been any differences between them. When Dad took the dogs for their walk, Lily was right there beside him. Very sociable, she loved nothing better than to chew her cud and listen to Dad talk to the various visitors who came to the house. She even nipped the trousers of one very important caller, causing him to jump. When visitors left, Lily would follow them to their cars to say goodbye.

When Animals Come to Town

By Helmer O. Oleson

NEW York City, Los Angeles, and Washington, D. C. are some of the large cities unexpectedly visited by wild animals which have strayed from their natural habitat, the mountain or forest.

A few weeks ago a lonely coyote strolled down fashionable Wiltshire Blvd. in Los Angeles while shoppers scattered. This was a new kind of wolf in Hollywood. A real live red fox visited New York City recently. It was discovered huddled against the wall in the lobby of a Bronx apartment house near some steam pipes which gave off cozy, comfortable heat. Where the fox came from no one knows. It was lassoed by a patrolman attached to the Emergency Squad and was fox-trotted to a shelter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

In October of 1949, another wild animal wandered casually into New York City, a deer was struck by an automobile and critically hurt on the Northern State Parkway near Roslyn Heights and had to be shot by a Game Warden. Last fall a number of wild pheasants were seen in Fort Tryon Park which is the highest geographical point in Manhattan, that part of New York City originally purchased from the Indians for \$24 in beads.

Recently a little black pig wandered into the Western Union Building on Broadway, New York, and two patrolmen had to remove the grunting porker to an American S.P.C.A. Shelter. A wayward raccoon not so long ago wandered into the public library at Lincoln, Nebraska, and was released in a near-by wooded area by a city fireman. A few weeks ago, in Washington, D. C., government workers captured a Silver Fox on the treasury lawn during the morning rush hour. It was taken to the shelter of the Animal Rescue League.

A wild fox raced through downtown Oneonta, New York, a few days ago. An army of skunks this year tried to



A lonely coyote visits the city.

take over a large area near the town of De Witt, which is near Syracuse, New York. In St. Louis, Missouri, shortly after Christmas, a wild hawk flew through a window pane into a private home and careened around the dining room. A clergyman, driving along the Aberdeen-Raymond Highway near Seattle, Washington, reported that he had to slam on the brakes to avoid hitting a salmon swimming along the flooded road.

At Palmer, Alaska, a large moose wandered into a cemetery and fell into an open grave, delaying a funeral while fish and wild life agents hoisted the frightened animal to the surface. In 1949, a similar incident occurred when two deer, a frightened doe and fawn, ran loose in the Fairview cemetery in the heart of Allentown Pennsylvania. Police had to hold up traffic while game wardens led the deer outside the city limits and let them escape into a cornfield.

On September 21, 1949, a grouse crashed a plate glass window at Berris Restaurant, Main Street, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. At Emporia, Pennsylvania, a black bear wandered into the public park and proceeded to hibernate all winter there in the trunk of a tree, disappearing in the spring. At Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, at the Lakeside Amusement Park, a deer with three points, caught his head in a wire fence stretched around the roller coaster to keep people from venturing too close.

The call of the wild is truly heard in the heart of some of our cities and towns.

Occupations in Animaland

By Jasper H. Sinclair

NAMES in the animal world, as in the human world, can be an un-failing source of interest. They cover a wide range of subjects — including many of the trades and professions whereby mankind earns his living.

There is a Secretary bird and a Tailor bird, as well as the Butcher bird and Weaver bird. The Shoveler duck represents the laborer, while the Pilot fish took its name from the almost uncanny practice of escorting ships in and out of their South Pacific harbors.

The Electric eel is the electrician of the briny deep, while the Mandarin duck represents the Chinese mandarins, who are the magistrates of that land. Among the pigeons the Tumblers are the acrobats and gymnasts of the feathered tribe.

The Cardinal bird strikes a religious note that is matched by the Church owl and Church mouse. On the military side is the Adjutant bird, while the Admiral butterfly takes care of the sea-going profession.

There are several musically-minded members of the animal world. The Trumpeter Swan is a North American bird that is now headed along the come-back trail after being threatened with extinction a few years ago.

If royalty is an occupation, you can include the Queen bee and Monarch butterfly. There is a King snake and King crab, along with the Kingfish and Kingfisher. There is even a King vulture to lord it over the "commoners" on his family tree.



The odd looking Secretary Bird.

Stepped up IN FLAVOR... FAT...
FEEDING EFFICIENCY



Walter A. Browne of Diamond Hill Kennels writes: "I can think of nothing to be desired in a diet to raise puppies, or to be given to show or breeding stock, that cannot be found in your new food. It beats anything I have tried in over 50 years of dog breeding."

Buy Wirthmore Dog Meal and Pellets from your local Wirthmore Feed Store, or write us. We have a new Wirthmore Dog Book, and Pedigree Blanks for the asking. Write

CHAS. M. COX CO., 177 MILK ST., BOSTON 9, MASS.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1951.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize \$25.00
Second Prize 15.00
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Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

MAKING ANIMAL FRIENDS

A new Manual for Teachers for use Be Kind to Animals Week, May 6-12. Attractively illustrated, this leaflet contains suggestions for classroom activities and a list of "Useful Books and Pamphlets." A sample of this and other leaflets will be sent on request.

Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education
American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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